I haue togeather with my practize, made famyliar,
To me and to my ayde, the bleſt infuſions that dwels
In Vegetiues, in Mettals, Stones: and can ſpeake of the
Diſturbances that Nature works, and of her cures;
which doth giue me a more content in courſe of true delight
Then to be thirſty after tottering honour, or
Tie my pleaſure vp in ſilken Bagges,
To pleaſe the Foole and Death.

2.Gent. Your honour has through *Epheſus*,
Poured foorth your charitie, and hundreds call themſelues,
Your Creatures; who by you, haue been reſtored;
And not your knowledge, your perſonall payne,
But euen your Purſe ſtill open, hath built Lord *Cerimon*,
Such ſtrong renowne, as time ſhall neuer.——

Enter two or three with a Chiſt.

Seru. So, lift there.

Cer. What's that?

Ser. Sir, euen now did the ſea toſſe vp vpon our ſhore
This Chiſt; tis of ſome wracke.

Cer. Set't downe, let's looke vpon't.

2.Gent. T'is like a Coffin, ſir.

Cer. What ere it be, t'is woondrous heauie;
Wrench it open ſtraight:
If the Seas ſtomacke be orecharg'd with Gold,
T'is a good conſtraint of Fortune it belches vpon vs.

2.Gent. T'is ſo, my Lord.

Cer. How cloſe tis caulkt & bottomed, did the ſea caſt it vp?

Ser. I neuer ſaw ſo huge a billow ſir, as toſt it vpon ſhore.

Cer. Wrench it open ſoft; it ſmels moſt ſweetly in my ſenſe.

2.Gent. A delicate Odour.

Cer. As euer hit my noſtrill: ſo, vp with it.
Oh you moſt potent Gods! what's here, a Corſe?

2.Gent. Moſt ſtrange.

Cer. Shrowded in Cloth of ſtate, balmed and entreaſured
with full bagges of Spices, a Paſport to *Apollo*, perfect mee
in the Characters:

Heere

Heere I giue to vnderſtand,
If ere this Coffin driues aland;
I King Pericles *haue loſt*
This Queene, worth all our mundaine coſt:
Who finds her, giue her burying,
She was the Daughter of a King:
Beſides, this Treaſure for a fee,
The Gods requit his charitie.

If thou liueſt *Pericles*, thou haſt a heart,
That euer cracks for woe, this chaunc'd to night.

2.Gent. Moſt likely ſir.

Cer. Nay certainely to night, for looke how freſh ſhe looks
They were too rough, that threw her in the ſea.
Make a Fire within; fetch hither all my Boxes in my Cloſet,
Death may vſurpe on Nature many howers, and yet
The fire of life kindle againe the ore-preſt ſpirits:
I heard of an *Egiptian* that had 9. howers lien dead,
Who was by good applyaunce recouered.

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well ſayd, well ſayd; the fire and clothes: the rough and
Wofull Muſick that we haue, cauſe it to ſound beſeech you;
The Violl once more; how thou ſtirr'ſt thou blocke?
The Muſicke there: I pray you giue her ayre:
Gentlemen, this Queene will liue,
Nature awakes a warmth breath out of her;
She hath not been entranc'ſt aboue fiue howers:
See how ſhe ginnes to blow into life's flower againe.

1.Gent. The Heauens, through you, encreaſe our wonder,
And ſets vp your fame for euer.

Cer. She is aliue, behold her ey-lids,
Caſes to thoſe heauenly iewels which *Pericles* hath loſt,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,
The Diamonds of a moſt prayſed water doth appeare,
To make the world twiſe rich, liue, and make vs weepe.
To heare your fate, faire creature, rare as you ſeeme to bee.

She moues.

Thai. O deare *Diana*, where am I? where's my Lord?

What